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The Old Hymns.

Beneath the midsummer sun,
The men had marched all day,
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who moved apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

He answered: "Nay, I can not please;
The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."

"sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"We are all true men here,
And to each mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly sang the strong clear voice
Amid unwonted calm;
"Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?"

The trees hushed all their whispering leaves,
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender memories filled.

Ended this song the singer said,
As to his feet he rose:
"Thanks to you all, good-night, my friends,
God grant us sweet repose."

But spoke the Captain: "Sing one more;
The soldier bent his head,
Then smiling, as he glanced around,
You'll join with me," he said:

"In singing this familiar air,
Sweet as a bugle call,
All hail the power of Jesus name;
Let angels prostrate fall."

Wondrous the spell the old tune wrought
As on and on he sang;
Man after man fell into line,
And loud their voices rang.

The night winds bore the grand refrain
Above the tree tops tall;
The everlasting hills called back
In answer: "Lord of all."

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard,
But oh! the depths of every soul,
By those old hymns was stirred.

And up from many a bended lip
Rises in murmers low
The prayer the mother taught the boy
At home long years ago.—Sel

Church Government.

The subject of "Church Government" has been, and now is being written upon by our dear Brethren, and as it is of vital importance, I will also pen a few thoughts that may reflect a little additional light upon the subject.

There can be no government of any kind without constitution, law or rule. The "Church" is to be governed, hence there must be "Church Government." The "Church" is Catholic, Universal or General; therefore the "Government" must also be Universal or General.

The Prophet Isiah in the 9th chapter, 6 and 7th verses, uses the language as follows: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given. The government shall be upon his shoulders, his name, &c.,—of his government and peace, there shall be no end," &c.

Jesus Christ brought this government from heaven upon his shoulders, (Brethren let us not try to to get it upon our shoulders,) and delivered it to his chosen witnesses. The same was brought to their remembrance on the memorable day of Pentecost, and afterwards recorded, and we now have it in the form of the New Testament of Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. It being the language of Jesus, and brought to memory by the Holy Spirit. This is the "constitution, law and rule," that the "Brethren Church" accepted as her only creed in her church government. All who obey this avowed creed are governed by the government that was upon the shoulders of the child the Prophet in his prophetic vision saw whose name was, Wonderful Councellor, the mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the prince of Peace. Of his government and peace there shall be no end.

Most of what has been written upon this subject pertains only to "local church expediencies." Now brethren and sisters, we must be exceedingly careful. All Church rule or law is clearly defined in the gospel, and is universal or general, but there are local church expediencies and inexpediencies in these. Each local church has a right to act independent of any or all other local churches. If any one desires to know what some of these are, let them make inquiry. In love for the Master's cause.

J. B. WAMPLER,

Faith.

"Without faith it is impossible to please God, for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of all them that diligently seek him." Heb. 9:6.

Faith means confidence in God,—superior confidence, greater confidence than in anyone else. When we have superior confidence in anyone we believe in what they tell us.

Recently, in conversation with a gentleman who claimed to be a man of faith, the subject of baptism was introduced. The gentleman claimed that baptism was not essential. When asked why not? he answered, "I don't feel that it is." We answered, "My friend, you seem to have more faith in your feelings than you have in God."

Faith in God consults only God, so faith, what God says, is paramount. Two parties report to us contradictory reports. We have more faith in the one than we have in the other party. It is easy to conclude as to which party's report we believe. We should have more faith in God than our own feelings, opinions, judgments, or our own anything.

Faith, in the innocency of childhood's confidence, lays hold on God. To faith, God alone is true, though every man a liar. With faith, the whole issue is decided by what God says about it. Faith may plead, but never argue with God. When God says repent, or believe, or be baptized, or wash your brethren's feet, or greet one another with an holy kiss, or love your enemies, or do good for evil, or pray without ceasing, or live holy, just and true lives, faith, simple and trustfully submitted.

When persecutions, sufferings, distresses, etc., fall to our lot, faith trustfully leans upon and drinks in the comforts of God's holy and trustworthy promises. Faith is the precursor to obedience, hope, joy, consolation, and to holy, dignified and uplifting acts in life. Faith is stern and unbending in the right, under all circumstances.

By faith we are saved, because it leads, as enumerated above: "By faith we know." It gives assurance. By faith we see. It swings open the pearly gates; it charms the vision by fixing it upon the dazzling beauty of the jasper walls. By faith we hear. It unstops the ears of the deaf, and we are greeted with the sweet melody of angelic harpers and the song of redeeming love, as the refreshing zephyrs of glory-land waft the music to us from around the throne of God. Oh, who would live without faith.

Bob Ingersoll brands faith as a damnable doctrine, yet would not cross a bridge had he not faith that it would carry him across.

Faith is worth so very much in this life. It enabled Peter and John to glory in that they were accounted worthy to suffer for Christ. It helped Paul and Silas to sing in the Phillipian jail. It sustained, comforted, cheered and kept pure the grandest, noblest and best of men of all ages. It caused martyrs to sing while roasting at the stake and when tortured upon the rack. But faith is not perfect. Glory to God, faith will in due time give us the plunge into the infinite beyond, exchange itself off for sight, so that we shall see the King in all his beauty, see even as we are seen, and know even as we are known. When that which is perfect shall come, faith will vanish, having accomplished its purpose; and then,

"What must it be to be there?"

W. J. H. BAUMAN.

Montana, Kan.

Things in General, Some Things in Particular.

Our Home Work.—The second Sunday night in this month we baptized two. For us, midsummer work is just as profitable as work in mid-winter. We hope to have more soon. I am sorry to report our senior deacon, Bro. Wm. Kolb, to be confined to the house; also Sister Roberts. Trust they may soon get out. We are looking forward to the State Convention. Bro. Cassell has said he will attend, and others no doubt will do so. If we all send two or three, there will be no failure. Let the Brethren church of Pa. do a good work the coming year. I have no doubt but what she will. Our success depends on individual work. Let us do as the Jews did in rebuilding Jerusalem. Let each one work opposite his own door first.

Whose fault is it?—"I did not enjoy the sermon today," is an exclamation often heard. I used to think it might be the preacher's fault, I now that it is partly the fault of the hearer. Sometimes the pastor may fall below the standard, but often men and women are not in a condition to take a sermon. Said a man to the writer: "I was at —— yesterday and heard a sermon which did me more good than any sermon I ever heard, but then I never was in such a condition to hear a sermon." Death had recently taken a member of his family, and he was in a condition to have comfort. If a man while under the preacher's voice is running his business for the next day, or a woman is arranging her domestic affairs, how can they take in what is being said. They go out and complain about the sermon, when the trouble was with them. This is a question that has two sides to it, and it's best to look on both before bringing in complaints. Are you in a condition to hear a sermon? Is your mind on the text or subject, or is it tramping somewhere else? When the preacher commenced to preach did you commence to pray? Get in a condition to hear, and a poor sermon may be made a good one.

The Love Feast Private.—I agree with the editorial on this point. It does seem to me there is altogether too much parade in some places, (though it may not be meant as such). But to have the house of God turned into a kitchen and filled with people who are not in sympathy with the object seems making profane the temple of the Most High. I have seen, even recently, a love-feast where the pulpit was filled with on-lookers, and the other part of the church so full that men and women stood on the benches. They talk and laugh and joke, and have to be rebuked by the pastor. The quiet solemnity is disturbed, and the feast becomes anything than that for which it was originally intended. In some places no public announcement is made and a crowd is prevented. This, I think, is an improvement on the other. One of the best I ever enjoyed was at Ashland, in the dining-room of the boarding hall. It was not absolutely private, but it met my views, and the memory of it is refreshing even unto this day.

Where is Holsinger?—This is an old question, but yet repeated. If any one wants to know let them send for the *Ontario Observer*. Ontario, Cal. Bro. Holsinger sends us his paper and it is much appreciated, but I never read it without wishing all that influence might be directed through a channel directly for the church. Sister Holsinger has been ill. We are glad health is coming back into the family, and trust all the prayers of our brother and family may be answered. California must be a delightful state. Anyway, it has nice people in it and when I get rich enough, hope to pay it a visit. I wish Bro. Holsinger would write us a letter for the EVANGELIST, so all his friends might know how he is, etc.

"Them's My Sentiments."—Dr. V. M. Reichard's letter, I mean. I had the pleasure of meeting the Dr. last week. He will furnish a letter soon on Christian Infidelity, which will be a point worth thinking about. The Dr. is doing a good work. Bro. DeBolt wrote us an interesting letter, and might favor us more frequently. Bro. Longaker's suggestion is a good one, and if followed, would lead to good results. But I cannot name all. The paper is doing as well as could be expected. If members would growl less and write more they would help the paper develop its motto: "Let us go on to perfection." If you have been finding fault, suppose you turn about face and write a good healthy article, and see if such a course will not improve the paper. Jerrold, I did not steal the head of this squib from you. My letter was written before I read yours. Hope to see you at Convention.

JOHN DUKE MCFADEN.

Pay of New York Editors.

Of the editors, Mr. Stone of the *Journal of Commerce*, is paid $20,000. He is the president of the Associated Press, immensely wealthy, lives in Brooklyn, and has a mania for choice flowers and plants; his collection is worth over $250,000. Charles A. Dana, editor of the *Sun*, is paid $15,000 salary, but is also a large stockholder in the paper, and his income from this source is quite $100,000. Before the paper began to decline the sum was nearly $200,000. Whitelaw Reid, chief owner of the *Tribune*, pays himself nearly $12,000 yearly. He has been very fortunate in speculation, and is said to be worth over $1,000,000. His wife, a daughter of D. O. Mills, has a fortune of half that sum in her own name. Dr. Geo. H. Hepworth, who was at one time a great pulpit orator, now chief of the *Herald* staff, is paid $12,000 yearly by James Gordon Bennett. Julius Chambers, the managing editor of the same paper, receives $10,000. Charles R. Miller, the real editor of the New York *Times*, gets $10,000 a year. He has several assistants in editorial writing, who get from $4,000 to $7,000. John C. Reid, the managing editor of the paper, gets $8,000, and Harold Frederic, the London correspondent, $5,000. Colonel John A. Cockerill, managing editor of the *World*, gets $15,000 yearly. He also gets a small share of the profits of the paper, making in all $20,000 yearly. George W. Turner, the publisher of the same paper, makes $20,000 yearly. George William Curtis is paid $10,000 yearly for editing *Harper's Weekly*. He does not do much work, and for days at a time he does not go near the office. He lives in delightful ease in a big roomy house on Staten Island. Novelist Howels is paid $10,000 for his work on *Harper's Magazine*, and Charles Dudley Warner just half the sum for his humorous work on the same monthly. Richard Watson Gilder gets $12,000 for editing the *Century Magazine*.—FOSTER COATES.

Sweet are the uses of adversity, and this among them—that it brings into proper estimation mercies aforetime lightly esteemed.

Why should I start at the plow of my Lord, that maketh deep furrows on my soul! I know he is no idle husbandman, he purposeth a crop. Oh that this stony, withered, barren ground were made fertile to bear a crop for him by whom it is so painfully dressed, and that this fallow ground were broken up.

Few children can be induced to take physic without a struggle, and no wonder—most drugs are extremely nauseating. Ayer's Pills, on the contrary, being sugar-coated, are eagerly swallowed by the little ones, and are, therefore, the favorite family medicine.